



T*IKE *IKE

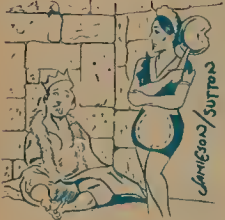


University Archives

Presents a *BADTIME STORY*

Once upon a time . . .

In the kingdom of Sac (no relation) it came to pass that the monarch passed away during hot pursuit of a comely scullery maid and (conviently for this story) left no heir.



The local rabble, feeling very insecure without a monarch to oppress them decided that the vacancy was to be filled immediately. Thus, it came to pass that since the former king had been a handsome devil, his successor was to be of equal attributes. Therefore a decree was sent forth unto the land that the male with the best endowments would be king, and as a consolation would marry the fairest maiden in the kingdom.



In due time, a man of the proper dimensions (2 ft. x 3 in.) was located, and Phil, as he was called, married the fairest maid in the kingdom and became monarch. The rabble were quite content and settled down to catch up on their drinking, wenching and other pleasurable promiscuous pastimes.



Time passed and the new queen became extremely pregnant and eventually gave birth to a baby girl. This did not upset the king as it gave him opportunity to "... try and try again." But four children and many kilocalories of expanded energy later there was still no male heir to show for the royal couple's nocturnal efforts.



By now, the king was beginning to have his doubts as to his chances of producing a male successor. Seeing, however, that his eldest daughter had conveniently developed into a beautiful, voluptuous maiden, the king decided to gain a male heir for his kingdom and a husband for his daughter, the same way that he gained the throne.



No sooner had the decree been issued than the castle was filled by scores of horny young opportunists, all ready to be measured. Amongst these was Latio who was particularly obsessed with the princess (there's one in every story).



But once glance at his paltry member in comparison with the gigantic sexual parts of the others, and Latio knew he was heaten. Down trodden and sad, he retired on the top of his trusty horse, Sid, to the nearest forest to do away with himself. He pulled out his trusty sword and after muttering that classic line:



"If I can't have the princess I don't want to live!", he raised the sword and prepared to plunge it into his heart or thereabouts. Just then, the magic fairy of the forest appeared.



"Desist!" he shouted, "and I shall grant you whatever you desire, you sweet young thing you".

Latio explained his predicament and heseeched, "I wish to be as well endowed as my steed, Sid."

The fairy waved his magic limp wrist and told Latio to return to the castle.



On his way hack to the castle, Latio could feel the requested renovations taking place, primarily since he kept rolling off of his horse on every hump.

Upon arriving at the castle, Latio had hut to reveal his newly acquired attributes and the competition cleared out, realizing a lost cause when they saw it. Thus, Latio gained the hand in marriage of his beloved princess, and King Phil gained his heir.



But Phil was not happy at being only the second biggest in the kingdom of Sac. So, as he was inconspicuously drowning his sorrows in the local pub he chanced to overhear two ignorant peasants (artsies) discussing how some crazy gay fairy had given the endowments of a horse to some wierdo about to commit suicide.



Overjoyed at learning Latio's secret, the king ran to the stables, mounted a horse (get your mind out of the gutter Clyde) and rode out to the forest. There he pantomined suicide and sure enough the fairy appeared and offered to remedy whatever was ailing the king.



The king requested that he be endowed as well as the horse on which he rode. The fairy replied that it would be as wished. King Phil was so ecstatic that he leaped on his horse and galloped off towards his castle.



Half-way there, however, he remembered that he had chosen his favourite mare for the trip.



So as things go (and cum), the princess died of a broken pelvis, the queen died of a broken heart and Phil and Latio lived happily ever after.



And the moral of the story is: "Don't horse around with fairies!"



the EVERlovin'
Endo*

TOIKE OIKE SECOND ANNAL PUZZLE

Dear People and Engineers:

Greetings, Salutations and Obscenities. This month I woke up and found myself registered and enrolled in First Year Engineering at U of T.

To keep myself abreast of the situation I read your dirty, filthy, putrid and obsequious rag.

I liked it.

Unfortunately in my short, short life everyone neglected to tell me the Facts of Engineering. I have a culturally deprived background.

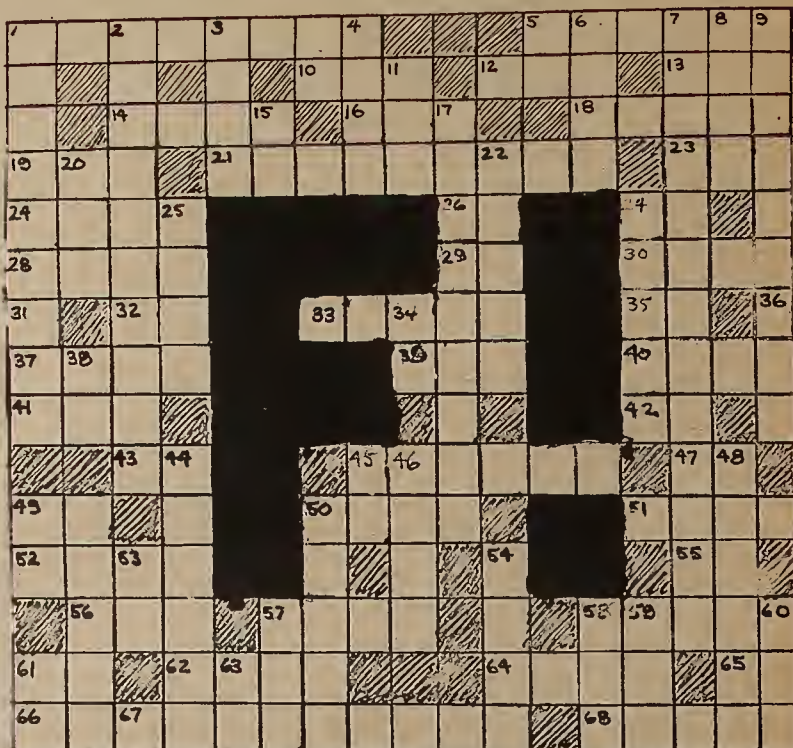
So I didn't understand everything in your paper paper. Words like optimal control penetrating analysis, revealing uncoverage, Bang!, Hole!, F!, etc, etc. Just boggle my mind. For the benefit of all us young engineers you should print a glossary of all the important engineering terms and what we as engineers should be about them. Besides, all the older engineers will enjoy hearing their favorite bedtime stories over and over, again and again and again, and again, etc.

Yours;
BIG SUR

P.S. I constantly find myself in a turgid condition. Please hurry up and c'mon cause the hydrostatic pressures are just killing my poor little body.

.....
dear Sur:

The Toike Oike, always aware of the struggling efforts of young engineers to break out from their public shell have cum up with the solution to your most turgid and hydrostatically pressing problems. We've also come up with the puzzle to fit the solution, which is found upon this page in the TOIKE OIKE SECOND ANNAL ACROSS AND UP YOURS DOWN PUZZLE. Here's hoping you can work it out with a little help from a friend (which brings to mind the constipated mathematician who worked out with a pencil. — ED.) However, press on to bigger and bigger things!



ACROSS & UP YOURS DOWN

- 1/ Sons of 48 down.
5/ Where girls have black curly hair.
10/ High-rise famous for its meat.
12/ At eighteen (across) you can get in.
13/ See 56 across.
14/ Shake it off. (See 19 across)
16/ 8 down 18 across 39 across. (abbr.)
18/ Octogenarian after hairspray.
19/ Precedes 14 across.
21/ Girls every month. This cum twice as often.
23/ 66 across.
25/ 8 down after knight in 11 down 50 down.
26/ Initials of Richard Fastfinger, inventor of rapid 3 down 2 down.
7/ Tommy Douglas's daughter. (Init.)
28/ Transylvanian National Pervert Association. (Init.)
29/ Primitive contraceptive.
30/ Produced by friction from 8 down in 11 down 50 down, cured by 60 down, never associated with 48 down.
31/ See 36 across.
32/ Location of artsie ganglion. (Abbr.)
33/ Ate down and/or 37 across.
35/ Mouth-to-mouth.
36/ See 31 across.
37/ Reciprocal of 8 down.
39/ Rhymes with Duck.
40/ To trust (Lat.)
41/ Eartha.
42/ 52 across 66 across. (Init.)
43/ What potsie said when artsie pulled it out.
45/ What potsie expected artsie to do after he pulled it out.
47/ Numb Gums (Abbr.) (ref. R.J.)
49/ Amanuensical Archives. (Abbr.)
50/ What 50 down sells. (sing.)
51/ How the ALGMB & BFC got to Ontario Place.
52/ Blue——, alternate name for "My little Chickadee's".
55/ "We have a really fine shew".
56/ See 13 across.
57/ Most valuable asset of 48 down.
58/ Means of electronically stimulating social intercourse.
61/ Pertaining to 61 down.
62/ One across's nineteen across after coming from 12 across goes for ———.
64/ Every one across has at least two ——— (Lat.)
65/ Root of Latin virility.
66/ What LGMRichardson does with his 'bone.
68/ Artsie's favourite position.
69/ Gestus.
- DOWN**
- 1/ Engineer's most prized tool.
2/ Closest thing to 1 down.
3/ 1 down through 2 down.
4/ Verb fore play.
5/ Engineers will never belong to Atrophy Anonymous. (Abbr.)
6/ Cheap but not ———.
7/ Bachelor of Arts.
8/ As in 37 across by 1 across.
9/ Whore of ———.
- 11/ Less than four inches.
15/ Male counterpart of reason for F.D.S.
17/ After 2 down is down.
20/ Engineer's lasts this long.
22/ Polish first person singular of "to multiply".
25/ Opposite of where young man was told to go.
27/ Ralph has one seven feet long.
34/ As in bump and bull.
38/ Unemployment insurance (abbr.)
44/ Find substitute during May, June, July, August.
45/ Location of Engineering Vendo-dung paradise. (Abbr.)
46/ I. C. Bones.
48/ Patron saint of 1 across.
49/ Doku — desu (trans.)
50/ Hang out at the domed stadium.
53/ Twenty one across. (Abbr.) (Twice!)
54/ This by octogenarian sailor is a salt with good intentions.
57/ Plea for.
58/ Deciding factor in close contest. (OR Gauchie ride!)
59/ As in "Lick 'em".
60/ Needed to remove 8 down from tight 37 across with minimum 30 across.
61/ Pertaining to 61 across.
63/ Seagram's.
69/ See 69 across.
- UP**
- 67/ Direct action of foreign pollen upon the seed or fruit which is pollinated.
69/ See 69 down.



ALEX! That's one joke too many.



What do you mean you can't hold it down?!

Solution to this excrogenating puzzle found on p.8

OKTOBERFEST!

Die Engineers der Universitat Toronto inviten alles Gefroschen, Wenches, und Homophiliacs (?); believeen you Artsies (?) zum ersten und letzten Bavarian Bierfest — DRUNK! you dummy

Das Datum ist der 15 Oktober von 4:30 bis 12:30 in der HART HAUS. Wier haben alle trimmings — beer — und das Musik und Singen und Dancen mit OOMPAH-PAH Bande.

Kommen Sie fressen und essen und Faces gestuffen mit Bratwurst, Sauerkraut und Potatosalat — DIN DIN you DUM DUM — in der HART HAUS Gross Halle. Eintret und gettum in (out, in, out, oops!) ist Ein Dollar (oder Equivalent in Neue Deutsche Markes) und Sie getten Ein Bierstein.

Kommen Sie und Haben Sie FUN!!!

The \$250,000 Dream

Last Spring a small group of U. of T. students came up with ideas for student Summer employment, we also worked on an idea for a Summer camp for juvenile delinquents, an idea that we felt had enough merit that we were sacrificed our academic years to see it become a reality. We approached Opportunities for Youth and were rejected on the grounds that our employment projects would compete with existing small businesses, our summer camp idea was viewed as too dangerous, for some of the counsellors we hoped to use would have been ex-cons coming directly from prison. Even though the National Parole Board was willing to screen the potential counsellors and even give some of the more promising people an early parole to work at the camp, the Ontario Department Of Reforms felt they could not risk the adverse publicity. Of course the fact that the Kingston riots were happening at the same time we were negotiating with them didn't help matters.

Rather than give up, we went on National Television and challenged the government, at that time we had exactly 27c between us. It would take a book to describe what happened this Summer, briefly we got a \$5,000.00 organizational grant from Imperial Oil and set up a charitable foundation, an organization designed to provide students with suitable summer employment on socially relevant projects. Almost everyone we talked to said the same thing, "We'll help provided you show us with a track record, prove to use that young people are capable of building their own organizations".

Last Summer we raised \$12,000

and paid salaries of over \$8,500.00, most of the Summer was spent building our organization, laying the groundwork for next Summer. We managed to set up a \$75,000.00 lottery, with which we hope to gain seed capital. If we could clear \$45,000.00 then we will demonstrate that there is enough interest in this campus for student employment, we could then begin devising projects that will hire students next summer in community work. Early in the Spring we can reapproach the business community and ask them to match us dollar for dollar, we can then go to the various levels of government for grants. Provided we have the support, the people willing to work on projects that they have originated and researched, projects that are feasible and socially relevant, there is no telling what can be accomplished.

one way

The questionnaire below is designed to evaluate your SEX QUOTIENT: Please bare in mind that this was once a very sophisticated questionnaire designed to be run on a computer, but thanks to the exocrogenating capacity of the Toike computer specialist, this questionnaire has been extremely simplified. Because of this you may examine YOURSELF. Just tally up the points beside each question and then compare to the table at the end of the questionnaire. Questions without points are only for morbid curiosity. Just answer yes or no and add the points if the answer is yes.

QUESTION	POINTS
1. Have you ever gone out with a member of the opposite sex? ...	25
2. Ever been kissed? ...	5
3. Ever been kissed in a reclining position? ...	8
4. Where?	
5. Ever been kissed in your pyjamas? ...	10
6. How did he get into your pyjamas?	
7. Ever been kissed against your will? ...	7
8. Ever been kissed against your wall? ...	8
9. Ever been kissed by Will? ...	5
10. Who the Hell is Will?	
11. Ever said "I love you"? ...	7
12. Ever said "I love you" to more than one person? ...	4
13. At the same time?	
14. Have you ever gone steady? ...	10
15. Have you ever cum steady? ...	15
16. Ever been picked up by the Fuzz? ...	7
17. Did it hurt?	
18. Have you gone all the way? ...	20
20. Have you had the desire to go all the way but managed to keep it away? ...	1
21. Have you ever made a member of the opposite sex cry. (Helpful Hint: Take off that spiked chastity belt) ...	5
22. Has a member of the Opposite sex made you cry? (Helpful Hint No. 2: Tell him to take shorter strokes) ...	5
23. Do you drink alcohol or beer? ...	10
24. Ever passed out from drinking? ...	10
25. Ever passed out for another reason? ...	15
26. Ever smoked Marjory-Joan? (Pan, Roofers) ...	8
27. Ever tripped on L.S.D. or the Big 'H'? ...	10
Now to rate yourself!	
Less than 25 ...	You're lying
25 to 75 ...	showing promise
75 to 150 ...	sounds interesting
150 to 200 ...	phone Jan at 928-2916 immediately.

* If you answered No to question No 1 but yes to any of 2-22 phone 536-7526 or write P.O. Box 1253, Station A, Toronto.



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Right now the lottery is our prime concern, the draw date is November 15th, so time is running out, we still have 11,000 books of tickets to sell so we will need the support of everyone if we are to succeed. The tickets are in books of six and sell for a dollar a piece. Ticket sellers get a dollar a book, and distributors get 50¢ a book, so anyone who wants to work should have no problems making \$3.00 an hour in their spare time. Everyone tells us what a good idea this is but good ideas are only as good as the people who are interested in making them work.

If we can make this lottery work we will have demonstrated that we have the support of enough people to go on and raise our objective to \$250,000.00 for next Summer. We also hope that organizations similar to ours will spring up on every major campus across Canada. If you are interested in joining us call 966-3900 in the evenings or look for us around Sid Smith or New College.

TOIKE OIKE



Room 105 — mill bldg. — 928-2916. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. Peter Newell — Editor. Andrew Bohns — Business Manager.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

Well, gang, we're back again. Just two weeks after the last issue. With a few nasty criticisms sent in by our readers — the joikes aren't gross enough, which I passed on to our Joike editor.

We have also tried to implement a few reader services which will only survive if our readership responds to them.

This issue we have a small section on Japan put together by myself and 2 other students from U of T, Raphael Sussman and Robert Posen. We stayed the summer picking up Japanese (and learning the language, too), hitchhiking around and learning the secret beauty of the famous Japanese gardens.

I noticed in the Telegram's Weekend Magazine last Saturday an interesting excerpt of a piece of fiction by Ian Adams from his novel "The Trudeau Pagets". It dealt with Canada caught in a nuclear holocaust sometime in the

future. What made it interesting for me was that by changing the names of the cities and towns it happened in the past. To names like Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Cities which I visited while in Japan. Which made me think — what a short memory we have, some twenty-six years later a twinkle in history's eye. Having visited the peace museums in both of the above cities, I found no trouble in visualizing what the author was trying to get across. No need for an artist's concept of what might take place. My mind harps back to the actual photographs of the devastation. The seared flesh, the looks of anguish and pain burned into every face. And the wonder in my own mind of a remodelled city around me. Everywhere green and lush. Picking out the scattered landmarks of an earlier era. An era of innocence. How short a memory.

THIS BONE OF PRETTY SHAPE

Early spring it was,
On the bed of the clear river
Flowing through the city of Hiroshima,
That my eyes fell perchance upon
This bone of pretty shape.

Was it once a maiden's
with a wealth of black hair;
Was it once a lad's with innocent eyes,
This bone of pretty shape?

The flash, the flame claimed by
the fatal city
Were but an illusion of Death
Stained on my retina.

Oh! that clinging to the bottom of
the river,
That raising hands against the stream
This bone of pretty shape.

A mournful whisper of human beings;
A growing whisper to be anger,
to be strength
Out of the mourning of human beings,
This bone of pretty shape!

Let us believe
Men's and women's powerful prayers
For peace;
Men's and women's pledges
For peace!

(By Soshun Fukagawa)
(From "Let's Cry for Peace!"
Materials for Self-Activity on
Hiroshima -)



Hiroshima Building near Epi Centre

CUMMING UP!

Fri. Oct. 8 Engineering Dance with the Grease Ball Boogie Band and the LGMB (of course). New College, Wetmore Hall from 8-12 PM.

Fri. Oct. 15 OKTOBERFEST at Hart House. The Engineers invite everyone to the biggest bash at U of T in years. Starts at 4:30 PM until 1 AM. \$1 admission includes genuine Engineering OKTOBERFEST drinking-mug. German Om-pa-pa band will provide the music.

Oct. 22-24 Homecumming Weekend. All sorts of activities including the Homecoming parade and football game. Game against Queens starts at 2:00 PM Sat.

Thurs. Oct. 28 United Appeal Slave Auction . . . FEMALE. The annual auctioning of lovely young nubile for charity that is so vehemently criticised by both Women's Lib and the Varsity.

Thurs. Nov. 4 United Appeal Slave Auction . . . MALE. Another Engineering production, this one especially for all female chauvinists and Women's Lib types.

Fri. Nov. 12 CANNONBALL — U of T's best dance of the year, at Hart House. Licensed, probably!

Cumming up! is a column dedicated to furthering the pursuit of life long happiness (like where to drink and dance and . . . this weekend). Deadline for copy is the Friday preceding the issue.

Homecumming Floats!

You know it, and I know it, and Queensmen (in town on the 23rd) know it. However, I'm not talking about the booze, I'm talking about the Engineering entry (!) in the Homecumming parade.

This is your chance to design a better erection. For the past n years Engineers have had the finest Homecumming float, (and

have been disqualified for the past n years).

I want some of you hot Skulemen to cum up with another unique design. There is a real cash prize for the design which is used. Bring entries to Dave Pike, Blue and Gold Chairman, at the Stores.

Do it now! (you're not listening to your lecture anyhow).

Who knows what evil lurks in the depths of Skule? The shadow knows!!

RULES FOR FRESHMAN:

This group of rules will apply throughout the year:

1. The first year will supply all fatigue parties required by the Engineering Society Executive. These parties will be detailed by the first year executive.
 2. The first year will supply one man daily to report to the President of the Engineering Society for whatever services may be required. (Members of the First Year Executive and Engineering Society Committees are excluded)
 3. The East door of the Engineering Building shall not be used by any freshman.
 4. Freshman must not wear Spats or Derbies.
- The following rules must be observed up to the time of the school initiation:
1. All freshman will wear a green tie of the style approved and supplied by the Supply Department of the Engineering Society.
 2. All freshman will enter the school buildings by the basement doors only.
 3. Freshman will remove their hats in all school buildings.

OUR
VERY
OWN
STA
OFF

Peter Newell	Brian would be pleased
Cheryl Pace	Where were you Eve?!
Rob Posen	Sayonara
Raphael Sussman	200 mph — on the train
Adrian Wijeyewickrema	Are they funnier this time?
Danny Dowhal	Caught in the round
Martin Snelgrove	Columbined all over
Dave Pike	Twice in one week!
Ron Jamieson	Shakes it to get it going
Al Brownridge	Tinker Bell, come home
Mike Pasie	In the dark room (with Ian?)
Bob Mitchell	A nice smooth line
Barb Pym	Coke isn't her passion
Ronn Sutton	Handy with a bottle
Paul Baker	Bugged Godiva's box
Chas Gordan	It was his screwdriver
Ian Benson	Department of Finance
Eric Miglan	Not down (up?)

we
can
always
USE
MORE

TOIKE OIKE PROUDLY RIPS OFF...

Another excrogenating campus answers to what campus question

Yes, we asked another one of those questions and came back with these answers:



You might well ask.



No meat on Friday



Just say where and when, big boy.



Oh Yeahh! — Like just last night we were really high and got it together like I've never seen it before. I was in the lotus position and she... (oh this is outa sight)



I don't feel that the public has any right to my private life



With a body like mine, wouldn't you.



Only if she's got big ones.



I seriously feel that to restrict myself to what you suggest would inhibit my emotional development, and perhaps stunt my growth.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. If asked to, I will not. If erected I can not.



ONLY WHEN IT WILL FURTHER A SIGNIFICANT AND MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP

Correct question, page 10

GODIVA'S BOX

Will be cumming to you every two weeks with a column of your letters (french) and ber responses. Your ejaculations on university affairs should be aimed at Godiva in the tender care of the Engineering stores. Police will not be notified in the case of obscene and carefully solicited (\$300) male and filthy pornographic, degrading, depraved, degenerate, disgusting, delightful, perverted, lewd, sickening, suppurating, revolting, sex crazed questions you may have.

Dear Godiva,
Please tell me where I can find "Dear Flabby". My Saint Bernard's pedigree forms have finally arrived, and I've discovered that it's FEMALE! I caught Adrian and Ed's party and stiffened to the challenge. I need that Bernard!!!!

Signed,
Hung up

See next letter - Godiva

Dear Godiva,
Thank Flabby for her wonderful advice. I've joined the circus and I've never felt better. They really appreciate the balls of my feet here, and the New College chick's roommate visits me every time she has a dime. I've even met this fabulous Saint Bernard male impersonator, with balls on all four feet. Unfortunately every time we cum near Trawna, she mutters something about "Hung" and comes into heat. However Peter (with the shining blonde hair) makes me feel right at home. Thanx again.

Signed,
Itchy

Dear Godiva,
Being the Pres type seems to be my problem. I seare the girls off with my ties and hairy face!! I try to tell them my basic composition is the same as other guys and I'm really very fun-loving but I can't break through and ask them out when I think they'll laugh at me. Please help me out of my distress.

Red.

Dear Red,
I suggest you go see Eric — you two have a similar phobia. Meanwhile try to be less dressed. (no tie, no shirt, no — oops better stop), and try to let your beard grow wild!!!

Dear Godiva,
Being a Frosh, you're the only one I can talk to. I have a 17 year old girlfriend, and I just found out that she's pregnant. I don't know what's gotten into her.

Sticky Fingers.

Dear Fingers,
Whatever got into her didn't get out in time. Sticky Fingers — Hah!!

1971 WINNERS' CIRCLE



Al Unser, May 29th, Indy 500

Jackie Stewart, June 27th, St. Jovite, Can-Am

Haydn Gozzard, July 1st, B.C. Centennial Rally

Jackie Stewart, August 22nd, Mid-Ohio, Can-Am

Joe Leonard, Sept. 5th, Ontario (California) 500



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Textbook Store and see our vast
selection of hefty peectures?

BOOKS

The following articles are the opinions and views of Japan as seen by three students of University of Toronto who spent their summer living with Japanese students in Tokyo.

The first article is a short precis of what is hoped is factual information on Japan today. However the individual pieces are the insight and opinions of the writers and should be taken with an infinitesimal amount of granular NaCl.

LIFESTYLE: JAPAN

Not many who haven't been there can have a real feeling for the word "crowded". But that's what Japan, and in particular Tokyo, is. Imagine, if you will, a land area of thirty mile radius around Toronto City Hall. Then, if you can, stuff the entire population of Canada — all 10 provinces and 2 territories into this finite area — and you have the 22 million people that live in Tokyo prefecture.

Basic problems which accrue from this immense population are obvious: housing, education, pollution and transportation are just a few. Space is at a premium. There's no getting away from it. There are too many people in too small an area. But the Japanese are among the world's best innovators and these innovations are reflected in their customs and traditions.

After fighting massive crowds on the public transit, in the department stores or in their parks and shrines, the Japanese person can retire to his own small inner sanctum. His repose is found behind a 6 foot high wall separating domicile from the rushing traffic and hectic work-a-day world. Grandfather tends the garden (space provided), while mother (and grandmother) rule the house. The layout of the house is typically functional (it has to be).

The floor is comprised to mats called TATAMI, which are made from rice stalks that have been mashed together like press board and bound up by woven mat. Thus the traditional custom of removing one's shoes at the door flows simply because street shoes would soon destroy the matting and also it is easier to keep the mats clean. Slippers are permitted on the wood floors in the hallways. Even in the less traditional homes where occidentalization has crept in, there are several rooms, especially the parents' and grandparents' bedrooms, which are still in traditional style (i.e. TATAMI floors, no furniture aside from a dresser or cupboard). The sliding doors (found more often than our type of door) are also functional since they do not require space to open out and the space that they slide over is storage area. The age old custom of sitting on the floor is both functional (in that furniture is not required) and good for the circulation (as a Westerner soon discovers).

Traditionally everyone sleeps on mats which are set down on the Tatami at night and stored away in the day. But where Westernization has crept in and the younger generation sleeps on a

bed — the mattress is just as hard as the Tatami!

There is a general lack of furniture, tables being only knee high and sometimes collapsible and only bureaus for clothes or dishes. The students however are allowed a desk to work at as a fair proportion of their time is spent studying.

The attitudes toward school would be very difficult to comprehend if one did not first understand the Japanese livelihood. When one gains full-time employment with a company he is committing himself to that company for life. An employee that left his job and was seeking new work would be looked upon as of very unstable character. The company on the other hand accepts the responsibility of this person for his working lifetime. Careful screening precedes hiring as the employee is almost never fired because of incompetence or laziness. If he proves totally incompetent, he is simply given a job where he can cause minimum trouble or problems.

The aim of most young men is to enter the employment of a modern industrial company and those who do so can see their future precisely mapped out for them. The new entrant does not expect to change his job throughout his working life. He knows that for the first ten years he will be expected to work long hours for comparatively little reward. After that, if all goes well, he can expect promotion at intervals, first deputy section chief, then to section chief, next to deputy head of a department and so on up the scale. At each step upward he will become eligible not only for a bigger salary but also for the improved fringe benefits that go with the higher position: a better house or apartment, increased allowances for entertainment, membership of a golf club, and eventually the allotment to him for his personal use of a car and chauffeur. If he runs true to pattern he will not look for hobbies or pursuits outside his work and will find complete satisfaction in the diversions which his job affords. At a certain age he retires and then qualifies for a fairly substantial gratuity. But not a pension. Until recently the retirement age was fifty-five, but because of the shortage of labour there is a move in some quarters to raise it to fifty-eight and even to sixty. It is all very cut and dried and with only minor variations the same for people in all walks of life.

The ministries and the companies normally recruit exclusively from one or two universities with which they have particular close connections and the students having completed their university examinations must also sit for a

special exam with the company of their choice. Thus there is intense competition for places in the dozen or so most prestigious universities.

High schools are judged by the number of students they send to the top universities, middle schools by the number of pupils they send to the best high schools. Because there is intense competition for these lucrative job opportunities, many students from the age of seven or eight acquire the habit of spending all their evenings doing homework or taking extra tuition in order to improve their chances of getting into the right schools.

When they finally arrive at university they find that it is often impossible to find a seat for lectures they are required to attend, that they have no personal contact with their teachers (who usually have part-time jobs at 3 or 4 other universities, and who may simply fail to turn up for 1 class out of four), or that they have to work in their own (frequently shared) rooms or queue for seats in the public libraries. Most Japanese universities are private institutions which, since government support is negligible, must rely on bank loans, donations, contract work and tuition fees for their income. There is thus a great deal of pressure on them to take more and more students without a proportionate increase in their expenditure on facilities such as libraries, which in many universities are totally inadequate.

Pollution is obviously a major problem. As for the most part, the houses have minimal septic facilities. A hole dug in the ground under the bathroom which is pumped out once every 3 weeks, allows a certain prevailing odor to penetrate the house. Where sewage systems are installed, they merely run out to open ditches by the side of the road, which in turn flow to the rivers — larger open sewers.

However the overall appearance of the cities is one of cleanliness. The shopkeepers hose down the road in front of their shops and although they are crowded and bunched together they remain clean.

Rapid transit is handled mainly by DENSHA (the electric trains) which run above ground. Subways service smaller areas in a spaghetti jumble off the densha routes. The Japanese National Railway network interconnects much of Japan while private companies service areas that the JNR does not reach. The Japanese go long distances by Densha, the bus service and subway lines making connections beyond the rail lines.

Festival in Takamatsu



The Yonge Street subway at rush hour is merely light traffic to the Japanese commuter, especially in the rainy season (June) when the Densha is a veritable steam bath what with the windows shut to keep out the rain and the humid muggy weather making the inside of the car your own sauna.

The Japanese are a group people who like to go everywhere together. The Japanese inns or the beaches by the ocean are constantly packed during the vacation months with groups of holiday-makers. It is the usual custom after getting up at 7:30 a.m. every-day and working a 6 day week to retire early on a Saturday night so they can get up even earlier (5:30 to 6:30 a.m.) on Sunday and travel to the mountains or the sea for the day. The Japanese, always an industrious people, play as hard as they work. Thus they return exhausted late at night to repeat what seems to us a nightmare cycle of living.

Most all the students hold down part-time jobs. I worked in a coffee shop for several weeks and found that my day was shorter than most — 10 hours. Wages are not exceptionally high. I, myself, was making about 1½ times the average person in a coffee shop — \$90/hr.

But although the wages are cheaper — so also are the goods. Japan is famous for its electronics; and TV sets, stereos, tape decks, speaker systems are cheap and plentiful.

Above all the Japanese are a very friendly, warm, hospitable people who go out of their way to do what they can for you. They never press you to do something you don't want, instead, attempting to acquiesce to your every demand. A particular instance which comes to mind is of a friend who was asked by his Japanese family whether he wanted to see the Imperial Palace (home of the Emperor) the next day. As he was a little tired, he declined until the day after. They agreed. Two days later, while touring the Imperial grounds, he found that the inner sanctum, where the Imperial family lived, was closed to be general public except for one day in each year, on the Emperor's birthday, when the gates are thrown open to admit the curious throngs. Needless to say, that day was the day he had unknowingly refused.

My appreciation and gratitude for Japanese people knows no bounds. Sincerely it was one of the most exciting and rewarding experiences of my life.

Peter Newell

A JAPANESE

Knowing my honourable friend Peter (who asked me to write this) and knowing that my article would be published in the worthy Toike, a joke immediately comes to mind. Of course, I mean nothing seriously by it, and do not intend to "raise waves when no wind is blowing", but only to introduce my subject in an appropriate manner. Having first-hand knowledge of the constipating powers of the very binding diet of daily white rice at each and every meal, is it any wonder why the Japanese have slanted eyes? Well, when you go to shit, man, it's so hard to get it out that you gotta grimace and squint!

Which brings me to a further difficulty in getting things on in Japan. I mean, all you hear about Japanese hustle and bustle, the crowds of people and the rush of trains, the blocky wood house and hordes of student girls and stumpy grandmothers — all of it is true! The Japanese just have the tendency for living at a high level of tension and have a peculiar knack for not relaxing. But perhaps I can illustrate it with a short story, which for obvious reasons could in no way have taken place in Japan.

An adept monk once spent 20 years in seclusion meditating on a mountain top amid the trees, chanting and working on his Path. Having heard of this tremendous man, a group of students came up to him in search of some of his accumulated wisdom. The whole group stood in awe before him until one of the students stepped forward and inquired, "Oh holy one, what is Life?" The monk closed his eyes and journeyed deep into his silent Self. He soon opened his eyes slowly and spoke, "Life is Spirit!" The students were aghast at the profundity and stood speechless, until one ventured forth and asked, "Why is Life Spirit?" The saint suddenly looked up and asked, "You mean it isn't?"

Well, in the Japanese tradition you have no such lightness of attitude. There is a great amount of plain hot heat in the atmosphere and you feel these air cur-



Kamakura Buddha



THE KOAN

rents bumping your head at all times. Rather, the Japanese counterpart of the above story takes place in a Zen monastery, where "while studying koans you should not relax even in a bath", where one concentrates, meditates, works, BAM of the roshi's stick, concentrates, walks, works, another BAM, see IT!!! Yes, the Japanese have accustomed themselves to a high degree of mental rigour, not only in their emphasis on strict social conventions but in their well-known life-or-death attitude to life itself.

The Japanese story is in the form of a koan — a technique for luring the intellect into seeing its perhaps useful but limited power. There was a monk, who was hanging by his teeth from a branch high atop a tree. He was holding himself in this position, head stretched back, jaws tight, when a student came along and asked him "Oh master, what is Buddha?". Well, that's the end of the story. If the monk answers he dies a certain death (falling off the tree); but he is also required to answer a student desirous of the Way. And the story has no simple solution — remember in the Zen (Rinzai) method, the intensity of enlightenment is proportionate to the intensity of feeling of doubt.

Besides mentioning this stress on mental activity in doing anything (which I'm sure an American businessman, who has done work with Japanese firms could well amplify), the organization of Japanese architectural forms is arranged to be "filled in" by the observer. Again the emphasis on your work to be done. The sliding doors and flexibility of the rooms in the home, is just one example of how their designed objects "are not bounded by their physical limits. Forms emanate and model space". To the Japanese, it is your attitude, the perceiver's mind which determines the experience of the external distribution. And lastly the interpenetration of inner and outer space is at all times recognized. Hence perhaps, the tremendous strain a Westerner feels there.



Leeching, Leering and Leching Across Japan

I am a Landscape Architect, which makes me more practically oriented, useful and creative than the average Artsy, but, much more imaginative, delicate and subtle than the average Engineer. Immediately, you may see the minor disaster of eating, sleeping, bathing and leching members of the opposite sex in the continuous companionship of the Toike Editor. Let me start at the beginning.

Over the months of May & June, (the rainy season), I learned the usual Japanese survival procedures like, how to bathe, how to eat, how to sleep on the floor, how to use the toilet facilities (better known as the 'BENJO') and, most important of all, how to fold your 'pyjamas'. During my learning of all this, the plan to tour Japan began to take shape.

Having lived in Japan for a full month, I had masterful control over the Japanese language and all three alphabets. I could communicate fluently with any Japanese drunk at less than 50 paces. Armed with my vastly superior grasp of the language, I arrived at the airport to collect our newest Canadian member of the Hosei (Japanese school of Engineering) Foreign Club and translate for him. The Japanese boys were somewhat perturbed about trying to recognize him. It made me feel very useful. Having read the Toike Oike for two years, I knew exactly what to expect. After the usual three hour wait for the plane and an addition hour in customs, I instantly recognized him! A jacket with ENGINEERING emblazoned upon the back, Neanderthal-like hair covering his face, which had the typical, desperate, 'Quick, Where's my slide rule!' expression as he fought to retain control stumbling under an enormous quantity of luggage. I casually flashed my UoT jacket at him and said, "Peter". He took no notice and kept right on with the original problem of locating the twenty members of the Hosei Foreign Club, in uniform directly behind me. When he elected to stop looking, the club encircled him with a welcome to Japan.

After a crash survival course, the two of us decided that our compatibility might be such that we could tour some of Japan together, after the rain stopped, so that's what we did. . .

It did not take long to discover that money vanished very quickly when it wasn't counted. One day out of Tokyo on our southern tour of Japan and half of our total resources were gone. We made one more major expenditure of a super-express ticket to Osaka and from then on sponged continuously.

It was in Osaka where I first caught a glimpse of the Engineering ideal. Apparently, the subtleties of seducing (not-so-) innocent maidens is too time consuming and too frustrating to the straight-forward Engineer. With what amounted to our first major

argument, I admired the night beauty of Kyoto park, while Peter drained several 22 oz'ers of Japanese beer in Osaka. As it turned out, his analysis of the young lady in question may not have been accurate, but, his extrapolated predictions were certainly pretty close. I spent two and a half hours in a police station listening to the evils of free love in today's world, in Japanese, accompanied by constant questioning as to the possible reasons for dirty old men hiding in the trees over our heads.

Altogether, we spent about three days in Osaka and Kyoto seeing the local sights without spending any money. The next day we sneaked on and off the train to Nara on 10c apiece, something we, as foreigners, got away with continuously. Nara, by the way, proved to be the best place for concentrated sight-seeing because everything could be seen on one, walking, tour; and everything seemed worthy of seeing; and because we did it without any guides. That night we pulled into Kobe with only one train ticket (you must hand your ticket in when you get off) and overacted the most unbelievable story of ignorant foreigners losing a ticket, the guard finally tired and told us to go through already. In Kobe, a port town, suspicious looking people followed us from the moment we left the station; a car nearly destroyed Peter, quite deliberately. Some very nice men covered head to foot in tattoos insisted upon our joining them for beer. Quietly masking our hesitation, we set down our packs, where they were constantly visible, and let them bring the beer to us, right in the street. It turned out to be a lot of fun except for the three hours sleep on the station's concrete steps, where one of the dozens of friendly drunks borrowed one of our wallets. Luckily, it had contained limited funds. We caught the first train out at dawn to Himeji, the largest castle in Japan and slept on the castle grounds until it opened.

From Himeji, we hitch-hiked the rest of the trip. It was a story of one kindness after another. Japan has to be the only country in the world where drivers will drive you hundreds of miles out of their way, show you all the local sights, pay for all your meals and give you presents as well. Many drivers gave us addresses of friends and relatives along our route whom we looked up, unannounced, seeking a place to spend the night. They always accommodated us. Some drivers took us right into their homes.

We saw hot springs, volcanoes, ancient temples, Japanese dancing displays, enormous Buddhas, beautiful gardens, beautiful girls, cliffs over the ocean, memorials to the A-bomb at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, fascinating caves, Alps, beaches, museums, and many, still used coal burning steam engines. We travelled by Densha, Resha, Kisha, street car,

bus, truck, car, jeep, boat, ship, foot. A taxi driver even gave us a lift because he wanted to practise his English. We slept in parks, campgrounds, poor homes, wealthy homes, a school infirmary and an all-night coffee shop. We carried a float in a small town Festival. We were kept in beer and cigarettes and food whenever we were with somebody. When we were alone, we would buy one bowl of rice each, sometime in the afternoon, and would allow ourselves one glass of coffee-milk each in the morning.

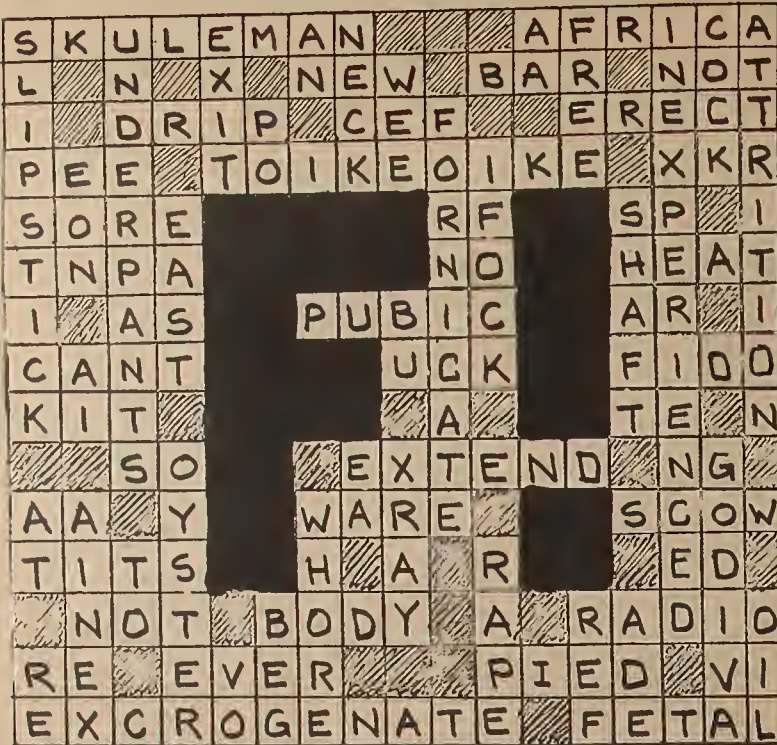
Although in every town and on every island, we saw something new, there is one thing which never changes. That, my dear friends, is the female anatomy. The pastime of admiring the afore-mentioned goods has been labelled 'leering' by yours truly and the person editing this thing. This is to distinguish it from 'leching', which involves actual contact, social or otherwise. There is an art to leering in a country where the article is not aware of its appraisal by language alone. After examining and discussing the various points of interest at great length, in English, we would gradually start nodding and pointing to the regions which attracted our interest. If she smiled, as they generously do, we would smile back and continue our banter, in English, either until she got off the train, bus, boat, street car or bus shelter, where she had been less than six inches from one of us, or until we moved into the leching stage. If she decided to turn away or back off, we would slip in the occasional Japanese translation of the anatomical part in question. Engineers are unbelievably fast in picking up certain parts of a language. They are perpetually interested in measuring lengths, depths, girths, diameters and things. I am suitably impressed.

We decided that leering was an occupation suited to two people while leching was something better done alone. Leching is like hustling anywhere else in the world, except, that, with limited language you cut out a lot of extraneous verbiage and get right down to business with exaggerated facial expressions, un-subtle fondlings and continuous promises to teach more English, some other time. The female Japanese anatomy is a wonderful thing. I do hope everyone gets a chance to discover it for themselves.

All in all, Japan is a wonderful place. You get far more out than you are ever asked to put in. It is an experience I personally will never forget, nor want to forget. I hope everyone will, at one time in their life, stop wanting to do something, and just do it, regardless of the problems involved. This trip has certainly proven to me that nothing is impossible. Enjoy it while you've got the chance.

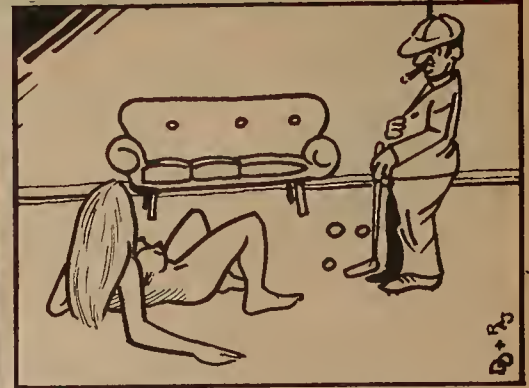
Raph Sussman

TOIKE OIKE PRESENTS 日本



TOIKE OIKE SECOND ANNUAL ACROSS AND UP YOURS DOWN PUZZLE

A prize will be given to any person submitting a completely different, equally obscene, solution to this crossword. The Toike is at this very moment negotiating with a Scottish regiment for its official nineteenth century much-repaired condom. Sparing no expense, we are now contemplating their offer of the device, in perfect working order, for ten cents, plus postage. We hope to present this device to all competition winners (sequentially).



It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you retrieve your balls

PICKETT ALL-METAL SLIDE RULES

- All-method construction
- Eye-saver Yellow colour
- Micro-divided Scales
- Functional Scale Grouping
- Lifetime Guarantee



BUNTIN GILLIES AND COMPANY
SUPPLYING THE ENGINEER'S SLIDE RULE
AT THE ENGINEERING STORES

WANTED

A 100% TURNOUT AT OUR CHEST X-RAY SURVEY

A mobile x-ray van will be at various convenient locations on the St. George Campus from Tuesday, October 12th through Friday, October 29th.

CHEST X-RAYS ARE REQUIRED OF THE FOLLOWING:

1. All First-Year Students
2. All Final-Year Students
3. Medical Students in all Years
4. School of Nursing Students in all Years
5. Physical and Occupational Therapy Students in all Years
6. Dental Students in their First Year of attendance at this University and in their final two years.

All Staff Members and Students in any year are invited to take advantage of this opportunity to have a Chest X-Ray.

No appointment is necessary. Just drop around to the mobile unit at your convenience.

This Survey is sponsored by the University Health Service in co-operation with the Provincial Department of Tuberculosis Prevention.

PROTECT YOURSELF

PROTECT OTHERS

SPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTO

God was on THEIR side



Skule F!ootballers arrive late for freaky gang-gang in league opener.

by Howzit Gross

Back Campus (RUMOUR) Skule got off to its standard start this year by losing 19-0 to St. Mike's in the season's football opener.

Our non-electrifying offense did show that it has some potential before injuries decimated the backfield. Particularly expected to be of some help is the return of Jim Renwick after a year's absence from the team. Tight end Martin Reader (hey! ya finally got yer name in print — Yeed.) and flanker Mac Hamlin, who came to the team from Scarboro College via the player draft, made some fine receptions, and show promise for a passing attack.

Defensively, the front four of Lemon, Hamilton, Barros, and Dyck — backed up by Cromb, Bertolo, Montgomery, and Altman — stopped the St. Mike's running game cold.

Team captains, Cromb, Bertolo, Pearson and Maddever, claim the team wasn't quite as "bewildered" as the Varsity said, but agreed that there is much room for improvement.

"With a little more work," Maddever said, "we should be ready for our second against Vic."

Vic won the Mullock Cup last year.

pe XXX ed

Hopefully, this issue marks a new, better Sportoikes. This involves a lot of work — re-write, etc. — but if it cums off, the readers will be the winners. In the meantime, apologies to all those who had their articles mangled.

ANYWAY, somehow the Engineering Athletic Association managed to get the F!ootball, soccer and bugger teams onto the field for another season. Response to the first two has been good, but Skule rugby can definitely use more players: if you dig blood sports, get OUT there. Contact Peter Newell at 920-5770. Or come to the stores.

In addition, the guys would like some SUPPORT out there — "there" being the front campus for soccer; the back campus for football and rugby. In future, we hope to publish the schedules for games on these pages. In the meantime, the other campus paper should be carrying them (are you there, Philinda?).

After the game, there is always the PUB.

FIRST YEAR TOURNAMENTS: This year, for the first time ever, the EAA is organizing playing tournaments in Touch Football (end of October), Ice Hockey, and Basketball. These tournaments are for FIRST YEAR ONLY: so organize now, guys!

Commissioners from the various sports will be around to give you further details.

TENNIS: The UTAA is running a mixed doubles tennis tourney starting Tuesday, October 12, at the St. Hilda's courts. You find your own partners, but you can sign up at the Intramural Office, room 106, Hart House.

There are prizes, too.

Finally, thanx to Rick Brownridge for subbing for me last issue as Ye Editor. If you're interested in Skule Sports out there, and want to know more, don't hesitate to call Ron Jamieson at 925-4090, or Rick B. at 920-5770.

Don't just watch; get IN there!

Football pix by David Lloyd, courtesy the Varsity.

On S-Points

As an incentive to Engineering athletes, the Athletic Association has an awards system that encourages participation in University sports. The Athletic 'S' is an Egyptian 'S' in SKULE colours which is awarded after 15 points have been earned. The Bronze 'S' is awarded after 40 points have been achieved. This award is a plaque on which is mounted a bronze SKULE crest.

Points towards the 'S' awards are awarded in 3 categories. Class I contains all senior Engineering teams in football, hockey, basketball, soccer, rugby, waterpolo, volleyball, squash and lacrosse. Class II contains all junior teams in the preceding sports plus any other Inter-faculty teams. Class III teams are all class teams in the Intramural Hockey and basketball leagues.

Points are also awarded for participation in individual sports like swimming, track and golf. Point awards are:

	Class I	Class II	Class III
Participation	5	4	3
Finalist team	7	6	6
Championship team	9	8	8

Up to 10 points can be won per sport per year.

Awards are presented at the S — Dance in March every year. Also at the S — Dance, steins and pen sets are presented to the championship teams.

That's a rough sketch of the Engineering Athletic Awards. Make sure you get yours along with everyone else; cum out and play for a SKULE team.

— Brownridge

Base-on Balls

Toronto is soon to gain its second franchise in a major all-American big-league sport. Mayor Dennis Sin has denied that a domed stadium is to be built at Jarvis and Queen, so that Torontonians can watch in comfort (Faith, Hope, Anne, etc.) while the sport progresses.

Baseballing is essentially a contest between the pitcher, who is out, and the batter, who is in. Eight others stand around to catch any loose balls, and to prevent the batter from getting to first base, unless he has paid them well to relax and enjoy it.

The player at the "plate" carries a heavy wooden object, often two feet long, with which he hits the pitcher's balls, should they venture between his knees and shoulders over the plate. Balls anywhere else are said to be foul. (Often, half a pitcher's balls are foul.) A batter, it should be noted, can walk on four balls. (However, this may be painful to the pitcher.) He is out, and returns to the dugout, if he strikes three. If three are out on the same side, the other side is in. The crowd roars when a man scores by reaching home base, when he is back where he started, (ideally with a sense of fulfillment).

Nine innings (and outings) compr(OM)!ise a game.

More next issue.

"Soccer Write-Up"

by Garry Kumpula

Defending interfac champs, Sr. Eng., opened their season with a superb effort, downing Scarboro 4-1 on the bush-leaguer's own field (holy haystack!). Hustlers for Skule were Nick Moros, Renie Coolman, Dave Blenkinsop, and Al Caramanico, who each scored once in spite of the wials of the local cheerleaders.

The defence generally held well, but were mystified when the Scarboro forwards resorted to dribbling with their hands. (Unlike the rest of us, soccer players normally dribble with their feet.) Expecting a whistle for messy play, the SPS defenders slid to a halt; a pity, then,

that the ref had already landed on his can and missed the whole thing.

Other than missing that superb shut-out opportunity, Skule is performing as potently as ever.

The Junior Soccerites put forward a good (although slightly disorganized) effort in their first game against the more experienced Vic team. Skule defence held the last year's first division team scoreless, but failed to put one in for themselves. Outstanding in the game was Skule's goalie, Dan McMahon.

The Junior team looks strong this year ensuring a fine crop for next year's first team.

Engineering Stores Quotable Quotes

He who hesitates is lost. Shakespeare
Get your ass over here. The Stores

PRICES

To Get Yours	Ours	Theirs
Parker Fountain Pens	\$ 4.85	\$5.95
	2.50	2.95
Hard Cover Lab Books	.80	.95
Physics Lab Books	1.75	1.85
Crested Pewter Mugs	15.00	
Skule Rings	\$8 to \$25	
Schaums Outlines		

THE BAR IS NOW OPEN LGMBLows in Ottawa

On Fri., Oct. 1st, at 11:00 a.m. Jim Richardson the fearful leader of the double award winning Lady Godiva Memorial Band uttered those now famous words, "The bar is now open" and the nth annual McGill weekend in Ottawa began. Approximately 3½ hrs and 5½ cases of beer later those who could stagger, staggered onto the bus, those who could crawl, crawled onto the bus, and those who were pissed (Ed.'s note: Herb Humdrum) poured into the bus.

Once on the bus those now immortal words "The bar is now open" once again could be heard above the drunken din. At this point members of the band humbly apologize for the dishonor and disgrace they brought upon Suzen and Jennifer. The bus ride to Ottawa is not worth mentioning, mainly because no one can remember the bus ride to Ottawa. (Eds. note: If anyone can remember the bus ride would they please turn themselves in at the Stores.)

Once in Ottawa, that's right Herb, Ottawa, the band and followers dispersed to pillage our fair capital. Throughout the night Engineers and their wenches could be seen navigating between pubs. The Carleton Pub proved quite popular, even if those cheap bastards charged us each a buck and a quarter to get in.

As the sun rose above the Piece tower the sons of Godiva rolled home to the infamous Alexander hotel, world renowned for its fashionable decor and hos-

pitable staff. Our 1st Vice-President, who shall remain nameless, became tired of pretending to be a blade of grass on Carleton's front lawn and proceeded to the Ritz Hotel in search of anyone from UoT. (Ed. note: Mark Feldman do you know which Alan Brownridge is in?)

On Saturday the band arose at the early hour of 12:00 to be the half-time show at some sort of a game. (Chief's note: There is no truth to the rumour that members of the Ottawa Gee Gee's could be seen Saturday morning repainting their helmets red, white and grey after they were painted blue and white). Once again the bar was open and for amusement some prick burnt my coat.

Saturday night was a replay of Friday night. At this point Harriet would like to apologize for the dishonor and disgrace she brought upon the band. Our collection of souvenirs was enlarged through the combined efforts of 69 drunken Engineers. Most credit must go to 7T3 Mech and their silver Barracuda. (Ed. note: The RCMP are awful suspicious at 4:00 a.m. in front of 24 Sussex Dr. P.S. the lights were out.)

Sunday was a day of rest, except for Alex. (see picture) who rode in the baggage compartment because no one wanted him in the bus. As we pulled into our fair campus Sunday evening the bus was quiet except for Herb's voice from the back of the bus, "Are we in Ottawa yet?"



Actually worse than the LGMB - U of O No Band OUT HARDER THAN IN

OTTAWA — (TOP1) The headline breaking news in Ottawa today was the disapproval of a theory maintained by Engineers since the earliest days of the profession. This theory: THE LAW OF RECIPROCAL OSCILLATORY FALLOUT (in, out, in, out, out, out, out!) OOPS! Reinsert; shorten stroke!) states that the probability of sustaining, in a total frontal impact. (RAPE you dummy!) a linear sinusoid, with w-9. (See Toike Oike Vol. 15 No. 1) is inversely proportional to the rate (dv/dt) of expansion and not at all proportional to the MAKE!

The scene of this event was 24 Suchsex Drive, home of Pee-air Eli-yot True-dough.

Mrs. Puddle (Frogs take note: trout d'eau) was heard remarking, "j"who are those people?" You see, the Lone Ranger and his trusted side-kick Tonto had left a trail of silver bullets to the front door of stately Wayne Manor, and as he rode slowly off into the sunset he left behind a masked baby. (Editor's note: I don't un-

derstand! (Author's note: I don't either!))

The trouble arose when it was noticed that the root-mean-square of the inverse arctangent of:

$$\frac{T_1}{3.1416} \cdot \text{FLQ}$$

where F1LQ was approaching the apogee of the right-wing orbit of the Son about the brightest sun in the sky, Beta Bourastar. (See AST200F!)

ARCOMP, a division of the local constabulary and a wholly owned subsidiary of Mario's Bakery, Newark New Jersey, immediately cordoned off both entrances to the Estate leaving the Dave and Ron Show in a rather constipated position (37 option C subpara-graph 42 volume 6). "We were in but we couldn't get out."

Resorting to Screen Play 26 (See MacGill Caper '70): "Poursortie d'urgence, jerkez de la, en haut, en bas, en haut, etc. jusqu'à la climax! En fin nous sommes retournes a la hotel et a Toronto via Baltimore et Stiffsville.

CLAIM

I have information which may help Sheriff Maynes-Humm, our lively guardian of the peace. Last night I was standing on the Wheatstone Bridge on the Newton by-pass near to the p-n junction. I had been to the "Silicon" chip shop to bring some feedback when Current passed me at some speed. He showed no sign of stopping and in the minority carrier on his megacycle I noticed the mentioned joules.

May I say that the frequency of this type of crime committed by Current is something that socially, Hertz. I recall that not long ago the same thing happened to two otherdynes, the lovely Cath Ode and her cooler sister An Ode.

It is to be hoped that all who know the much loved Milli will help to get her back to health, transformer situation, and insulator from any future attacks. Watts more, I trust that Current will be put on charge and if not given the potential drop then made to walk the Planck.

I am sorry if my reaction seems unusually strong but the core of the matter is that Eddy Current is one of my two ill-begotten sons who have always wasted energy. I could never control them and many are the times that I had to cover up for them. But to no avail. However for Eddy and his equally heated brother I squared no losses. This has always peeked me and as far as I am concerned both are transients.

R. M. S. Current,
Waverly.

The question to the Campus
answer is: "Do you eat peo-
nut butter with crockers?"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



An original
Canadian recipe

Preset:

TV dial for Channel 19
(medium cool)

Add:

1 Cup selected programming
for young minds.

The Polka-Dot Door, Guess What,
Magic Roundabout, Sesame Street,
Misterogers' Neighbourhood

1½ Cups selected programming
for homemakers

The World in Your Kitchen,
Home Base, Shopping Around,
The French Chef (Julia Child),
Joyce Chen Cooks

3 Tablespoons selected viewing
for varying tastes.

Showcase, What Matters, The Great
War, The Lost Peace, Karate Doh,
Aspects: The Drama as Meaning,
Landmarks, Castle Zaremba

Blend these ingredients well.

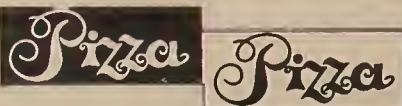
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Channel 19 brings you a taste
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FICE, HART HOUSE. AN
HONORARIUM IS IN-
VOLVED.

McGill Weekend '71 in Ottawa

The LGMB held its annual trek to McGill. Unfortunately, this year we ended up in Ottawa. Not that I have anything against Ottawa, but it's those funny men there, that tried to pick me up (Herb, Sven, Bob, ...)

The usual horror show in the bus trip up was there; but this year I got to see it, instead of the inside of the bus can. The driver was unusually sad, not because he didn't have anything to drink, but because he was finished his case before we got out of Metro. (mix anyone?).

Our hotel in Ottawa wasn't bad, but the joint across the street cracked me up. Anyone for "Polygrip"? It's not the fact that I don't like loose women, but when I have to share her with Herb, Sven, Bob, ... all at the same time, WOW, talk about fallout.

Saturday afternoon was the football game, or was it? The LGMB played at the game, but the Blues didn't, they played the night before. The excoegenating half-time show was performed by the infamous LGMB and one Ot-

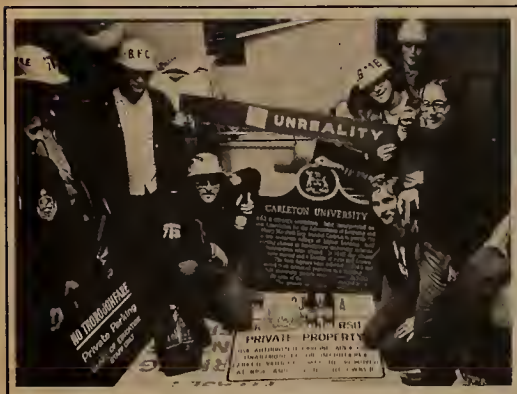
tawa Gee Gee trumpet player looking for his mouthpiece. He couldn't find his piece, so he had to settle for me. The LGMB, foolishly, offered to trade our album "The LGMB Blows" for my return. Foolishly, he accepted.

Saturday evening was my art lesson. In the Carleton U. tunnels, Paul, our token artist painted, "UofT" and "LGMB '71" on the wall. He also painted his hand blue, to show his fondness for Labatt's Blue.

Luckily for me, I never saw any of the other UofT hockers destroying Ottawa. After my art lesson I retired for a tour of the Parliament Buildings, conducted by this French chap named Pierre. At five in the morning I figured it was time to go to bed, to sleep this time.

The return bus trip was even better than the one going. The bus driver was pretending he was in England, and drove on the left hand side of the road. LOOK OUT. With a driver like this, you don't need alcohol to get excited.

Tulips





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AND THE
LGMB

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TO-71

"TOIKE JOIKES"

Although he always ordered ham and eggs, he never missed studying the menu. One day in his usual cafe the waitress decided to have a bit of fun with him. Before handing him the menu she crossed out his favourite dish, and as she gave it to him she said "Did you notice, sir, I scratched something you like?"

Without looking up from the menu the customer replied "Wash your hands carefully and bring me some ham and eggs."

Two brothers had died, and according to their past life, one was sent to heaven and the other to hell. The good man was quite satisfied with his golden harp and the celestial hymns, until one day he saw his black sheep brother lolling on a cloud with a tankard in his hands and a blonde at his side. Understandably annoyed at this apparent injustice, he went to St. Peter with his complaint.

"Why should I have abstained during my life for him to reap the profits after death?"

"Ah," replied Peter, "that's the hell of it, the tankard has a hole and the blonde hasn't."

Sven was complaining to his friend Dave: "I had a blind date, and the girl turned out to be the

most beautiful I've ever seen. I wanted to show her some high life, so I took her to the best night club and bought her a bottle of the best champagne. Then as soon as we got to her flat, she started making love to me like I've never been made love to before!"

"So what are you complaining about?" asked Dave.

"I think I could have got her on beer."

An artsie went to his family doctor and complained about his ****. It was all green, purple and mouldy, and hanging down his side. The doctor proceeded to perform some tests on it. He took x-rays, urine samples, blood tests and every other test known to medical science. Finally he admitted to his patient that he was stumped completely. Several weeks later, while taking a piss, the artsie patient noticed an engineer beside him employ the side of the urinal to knock the drops off of his tool. The artsie was truly amazed by this and so he proceeded to ask the engineer what the purpose was of performing the witnessed action. The engineer kindly explained how he liked to remove all excess urine in his channels before tucking away his tool.

The artsie took the Skuleman's advice and after a week he noticed a significant improvement, after two weeks it was near normal and in three weeks it was magnificent — at its full capacity. The artsie rushed into his doctor's office, pulled out his **** and showed it to the physician in all its magnificent splendour. The doctor was amazed and asked him how he had done it. The artsie recounted the engineer's technique of knocking off the drops after relieving oneself. The puzzled doctor asked the artsie how he had managed before.

"Why, I wrung it out, naturally," replied the excited artsman.

Q: Why does the Pope shower with his shorts on.

A: He doesn't like to look down on the unemployed.

The baseball fan, soccer fan, rugby fan and engineer were talking. Said the baseballer, "I've got 8 kids and my wife is pregnant. I'll soon have a team."

"Ha!" said the soccer fan, "I have ten and my mistress will soon present me with a soccer team."

The rugby fanatic had 14 illegitimate children and was turning out a squad. "Well" said the Engineer, "I have 17 friends in

nursing. By to'night I'll have a golf course".

There was a young sailor name Bates

Who danced the fandango on skates.

But a fall on his outlass

Rendered him nutless.

And practically useless on dates.

It was the first day of the new school year and the new grade 1 teacher was busy getting the names of her first students. Pointing to one little boy she asked him for his name.

"Billy Fuccauer", he replied. The teacher was quite indignant as she of course thought he was putting her on; (he's only seven so get your minds out of the gutter). Needless to say the teacher accused him of giving her a false name.

"Honest" replied the kid, that's my name. I even have a brother named Tommy in grade 3".

With dire threats of doom if he had lied, the teacher picked up the intercom and asked the grade 3 teacher

"Do you have a Fuccauer there?"

"Are you kidding, we don't even have a coffee break down here" came back the indignant reply.

Little Ed was playing with an earthworm in the garden when his grandfather, Martin, bet him \$1 that he couldn't get it back in the hole. After several hours Ed succeeded, by spraying it with hair spray. After collecting the money he thanked the old gentleman.

"Don't thank me, thank your grandmother" replied the old gentleman wistfully.

And now a Toike classic for all you FIROSH

An Engineer appeared at a costumers and asked if they had any fig leaves as he was attending a masquerade ball and wanted to go as Adam.

"Certainly" said the clerk getting out a fig leaf.

"That won't do" said the Engineer, so he got out a larger size.

"No that won't do. It will have to be a great deal larger than that".

"Well" said the clerk, "here's the largest fig leaf in the place".

"No" said the engineer. "That's still not large enough".

"Well then I'm sorry", said the clerk. "But that's the biggest fig leaf we have. I'm afraid you will have to go as something else. If I were you, I'd just throw the damn thing over my arm and go as a gas pump"

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